

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

PER WEEK SIX CENTS.
SINGLE NUMBER ONE CENT.

MAYSVILLE, TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14, 1882.

Vol. 1. No. 72.

THE DAILY BULLETIN.

Published every afternoon and delivered in this city, the suburbs and Aberdeen by our carriers, at **6 CENTS** a week.

It is welcomed in the households of men of both political parties, for the reason that it is more of a newspaper than a political journal.

Its wide circulation therefore makes it a valuable vehicle for business announcements, which we respectfully invite to our columns.

Advertising Rates Low.

Liberal discount where advertisers use both the daily and weekly. For rates apply to

ROSSER & McCARTHY,

Publishers.

JOB WORK

Of all kinds neatly, promptly and cheaply done at the office of the DAILY BULLETIN

BLUEGRASS ROUTE.

Kentucky Central R. R.

THE MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO

CINCINNATI.

ONLY LINE RUNNING

FREE PARLOR CARS.

BETWEEN

LEXINGTON AND CINCINNATI

Time table in effect March 31, 1881.

Leave Lexington.....	7:30 a. m.	2:15 p. m.
Leave Maysville.....	5:45 a. m.	12:30 p. m.
Leave Paris.....	8:20 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Leave Cincinnati.....	8:55 a. m.	3:40 p. m.
Leave Falmouth.....	10:00 a. m.	4:46 p. m.
Arr. Cincinnati.....	11:45 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Leave Lexington.....	4:35 p. m.	
Arrive Maysville.....	8:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Lexington at.....	2:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Cincinnati at.....	2:30 p. m.	

Close connection made in Cincinnati for all points North, East and West. Special rates to emigrants. Ask the agent at the above named places for a time folder of "Blue Grass Route." Round trip tickets from Maysville and Lexington to Cincinnati sold at reduced rates.

For rates on household goods and Western tickets address **CHAS. H. HASLETT,**
Gen'l Emigration Agt., Covington, Ky.
JAMES C. ERNST,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

TIME-TABLE

Covington, Flemingsburg and Pound Gap RAILROAD.

Connecting with Trains on K. C. R. R.
Leave FLEMINGSBURG for Johnson Station:
5:45 a. m. Cincinnati Express.
9:13 a. m. Maysville Accommodation.
3:25 p. m. Lexington.
7:02 p. m. Maysville Express.
Leave JOHNSON STATION for Flemingsburg on the arrival of Trains on the K. C. R. R.:
6:23 a. m. 4:00 p. m.
9:48 a. m. 7:37 p. m.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

CAPITAL STOCK \$210,000.

JAMES M. MITCHELL, THOMAS WELLS
PRESIDENT. CASHIER.
sept2. MAYSVILLE, KY.



Will be mailed free to all applicants, and to customers without ordering it. It contains five colored plates, 600 engravings, about 200 pages, and full descriptions, prices and directions for planting 1500 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc., available to all. Michigan grown seeds will be found more reliable for planting in the South than those grown in a warmer climate. We make a specialty of supplying farmers, Truckmen and Market Gardeners. Address, **D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.**

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of **GEORGE COX & SON** (George Cox & Wm. Cox.) will please make payment without delay. Those having claims against either of the parties will present the same for payment.

WM. H. COX,
Surviving Partner of George Cox & Son.

NEW FIRM.

THE business of the late firm of George Cox & Son will be continued under the same name and style. **WM. H. COX.**

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address **STINSON & Co.,** Portland, Me.

THE OLD PENNSYLVANIA FARMER.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Well—well! this is a comfort, now—the air is mild as May. And yet 'tis March the twentieth, or twenty-first, to-day; And Reuben plows the hill for corn; I thought it would be tough, But now I see the furrows turned, I guess it's dry enough.

I don't half live, penned up in doors; a stove's not like the sun. When I can't see how things go on, I fear they're badly done; I might have farmed till now. I think—one's family is so queer—As if a man can't oversee who's in his eightieth year!

Father, I mind, was eighty five before he gave up his; But he was dim o' sight and crippled with the rheumatiz. I followed in the old, steady way, so he was satisfied; But Reuben likes new-fangled things and ways I can't abide.

I'm glad I built this southern porch, my chair seems easier here; I haven't seen as fine a spring this five-and-twenty year! And how the time goes round so quick! a week I would have sworn, Since they were husking on the flat, and now they plow for corn!

When I was young, time had for me a lazy ox's pace, But now 'tis like a blooded horse, that means to win the race. And yet I can't fill out my days, I tire myself with naught; I'd rather use my legs and hands than plague my head with thought.

There's Marshall, too, I see from here; he and his boys begin. Why don't they take the lower field? that one is poor and thin, A coat of lime it ought to have, but they're a do-less set; They think swamp mud's as good, but we shall see what corn they get!

Across the level, Brown's new place begins to make a show; I thought he'd have to wait for trees, but, bless me, how they grow! They say 'tis fine—two acres filled with evergreens and things; But so much land! it worries me, for not a cent it brings.

He has the right, I don't deny, to please himself that way, But 'tis a bad example set, and leads young folks astray; Book-learning gets the upper-hand and work gets slow and slack, And they that come along after us will find things gone to wrack.

Now Reuben's on the thither side, his team comes back again; I know how deep he sets the share, I see the horses strain; I had that field so clean of stones, but he must plow so deep, He'll have it like a turnpike soon, and scarcely fit for sheep.

If father lived, I'd like to know what he would say to these New notions of the younger men, who farm by chemistries. There's different stock and other grass; there's patent plows and cart—Five hundred dollars for a bull! it would have broke his heart.

The maples must be putting out; I see a smoothing red Down yonder where the clearing laps across the meadow's head, Swamp-cabbage grows beside the run; the green is good to see, But wheat's the color, after all, that cheers and 'tenses me.

They think I have an easy time, no need to worry now—Sit in the porch all day and watch them mow, and sow, and plow; Sleep in the summer in the shade, in winter in the sun—I'd rather do the thing myself, and know just how it's done!

Well—I suppose I'm old, and yet 'tis not so long ago When Reuben spread the swath to dry, and Jessie learned to mow And William raked, and Israel hoed, and Joseph pitched with me; But such a man as I was then my boys will never be!

I don't mind William's hankering for lectures and for books; He never had a farming knack—you'd see it in his looks; But handsome is that handsome does, and he is well to do; 'Twould ease my mind if I could say the same of Jesse, too.

There's one black sheep in every flock, so there must be in mine, But I was wrong that second time his bond to undersign; It's less than what his share will be—but there's the interest! In ten years more I might have had two thousand to invest.

There's no use thinking of it now, and yet it makes me sore; The way I've slaved and saved, I ought to count a little more, I never lost a foot of land, and that's a comfort sure,

And if they do not call me rich, they cannot call me poor.

Well, well! ten thousand times I've thought the things I'm thinking now; I've thought them in the harvest-field and in the clover-mow; And sometimes I get tired of them, and wish I'd something new—But this is all I've seen and know, so what's a man to do?

'Tis like my time is nearly out, of that I'm not afraid; I never cheated any man, and all my debts are paid. They call it rest that we shall have, but work would do no harm; There can't be rivers there, and fields, without some sort o' farm!

HISTORY OF SMALL-POX.

A Plague That Has Held Sway for Twelve Centuries.

Of all the plagues which have arisen from time to time, or infested cities or countries, none is more dreaded, none is more persistent, none is more easily communicable or fatal than was small-pox a century ago. But whence or how the disease arose it is not so easy to say. Other plagues have vexed the earth for a time and then passed away, leaving no vestige of their ravages as did the great plague at Athens during the Peloponnesian war, or the plague in the England of Charles II., but small-pox, not content with twelve centuries of sway, still holds its own, despite the discoveries of science. It is unquestionably true that diseases of such contagious nature generally arise among filthy and ill-conditioned people, confined in narrow quarters. This was the case with the Athenian plague, and it was again the case in the Jewish quarters of European cities. Contagious diseases were comparatively rare among the Romans and Greeks of the illustrious periods, owing to the free public baths and excellent sanitary and gymnastics habits of the times.

It was reserved for the middle or dark ages to furnish the most dreadful examples of pestilence. Small-pox arose in the very darkest period of mediæval times. It first invaded England in the Ninth century; it was common in Arabia in the Tenth; the crusades carried it through all Southern Europe; it reached Norway in the Fourteenth century; in 1517 it was carried to St. Domingo by the Spaniards along with slavery, the Inquisition, the rack, and a host of other blessings; three years later it crossed to Mexico and slew three millions; it invaded Iceland in 1707, and Greenland in 1733, slaying a fourth part of the residents in the former and a large proportion of those in the latter country, and despite all that medical skill has done and is doing to cast it from the earth, it bids fair to retain its hold, in some measure, as long as popular ignorance, destitution, negligence and carelessness continue to combat the physicians and the dictates of common sense.

Its history is thus unique; other contagious diseases have proved so fatal under similar circumstances for limited periods; none have continued their blasting work for ten centuries in all climates from Mexico to Greenland. It is not unreasonable, therefore, that its approach should be hailed with terror as is the approach of almost no other disease. Yellow fever and Asiatic cholera, even, have caused no such potent and widespread destruction. The very air it taints carries infection garments in contact with patients carry their baneful power for years if shut up in tight closets; it can be communicated by mail or by the wind, by railroad, by ocean voyage, by manifest means which can not be guarded against. It is not only dangerous, but loathsome in its progress; it drives away one's friends, thrusts him into unutterable tortures and leaves him often a wreck for life, with ruined health and disfigured countenance. When to all this is added its persistent reappearance at almost definite periods, it is not to be wondered at that small-pox scares are so common.